

New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth—News—Editorials—Advertisements
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1922

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays. Office: 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Telephone: 1000.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By mail, including postage in the United States: One Year, \$12.00; Six Months, \$7.00; Three Months, \$4.00. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Matter.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

At Last!

The President at last has acted in the coal strike. His proposal to the operators and miners includes:

The immediate resumption of mining at the present wage scale.

The appointment of a commission composed of three representatives of the miners, three of the operators and five appointed by the government to determine, within thirty days if possible, a temporary wage scale to be effective until March 31, 1923.

The investigation by this commission of "every cost of production and transportation."

The making of recommendations by this commission for permanent peace in the coal industry and the elimination of waste and intermittency in production.

To neither side will this program be altogether acceptable, but it can be rejected only at the cost of public sympathy. It is obvious that the deadlock between miners and operators cannot be broken by direct negotiations. It is equally obvious it cannot be allowed to continue indefinitely. Under the circumstances both sides must make concessions pending the satisfactory adjustment of differences by an arbitral board.

The coal industry long has been in the grip of anarchic conditions. There are too many mines and there are too many miners. Operators who have opened thin veins must take losses. Many miners must find other and more profitable employment. It is not wholesome to have an industry so overdeveloped that the country's consumptive demands can be met by four months of operation. Gross economic waste must cease and a scheme be worked out and applied which will face realities frankly.

The country will be solidly back of the President and solidly back of Secretary Hoover as his understudy and agent. Fortunate is the Administration in having at its command one whose economic soundness appeals to men of business and whose broad human sympathies lead him to see that all institutions and systems must serve men or be changed.

Bertillon and Galton

The death of Jacques Bertillon, the French statistician, has given occasion for the repetition of an error which has of late frequently crept into the public prints. He has been spoken of as the inventor or practitioner of the "Bertillon system of identification by finger printing."

The fact is that finger printing and the Bertillon system of anthropometry are different things. The latter, invented by the French savant Alphonse Bertillon—yesterday brother of Jacques Bertillon—about forty years ago, consists of measurements of various parts of the body with instruments of precision, to wit: The length of the head, the breadth of the head, the length of the middle finger, the length of the left foot and the length of the cubit or forearm from the elbow to the extremity of the middle finger. In addition, the height of the person, the length of the little finger and the color of the eyes were recorded. The system was introduced into France in 1883 and thence extended to other countries. But it fell into disfavor because of the costliness and delicacy of the measuring instruments, the need of highly trained men to do the measuring and the all but irremediable errors which frequently occurred and which defeated all possibility of successful application of the system in those cases.

Finger printing was probably practiced in ancient times, but it was not adopted for the identification of criminals until about a generation ago. The British government was the first to adopt it, upon the recommendation of a cousin of Charles Darwin, the distinguished scientist Sir Francis Galton, who wrote several books about it and who also invented composite photography and at least the word

"eugenics." The British government had both Bertillon's method and finger printing carefully studied by a royal commission, which reported in favor of both, and both were practiced for some years. But the disadvantage of Bertillonage led to its abandonment about a dozen years ago, since which time finger printing and photography alone have been relied upon. In this country a like course has been pursued. Finger printing is almost universally relied upon, and the Bertillon system is remembered chiefly as an interesting scientific process, beautiful and convincing in theory, but difficult, fallible and undesirable in practice.

Make France Pay!

Dr. George Michaelis, Chancellor of the German Empire in the beautiful days when the Fatherland's armies were chopping down enemy orchard trees, flooding mines and otherwise heartily enjoying themselves, takes advantage of his visit here to illumine darkened American minds.

Should Germany default and France seize the Ruhr region as a pledge, then he foresees another war. The young men of Germany, he says, would not endure the outrage. Bismarck, it is true, occupied French provinces until France paid to the last franc, but only those whose intellects never have been enlightened by Kultur will contend for equality of right between Germany and her neighbors.

The worthy doctor re-appears an old friend, namely, the claim that Germany cannot pay. The installment due this week is \$50,000,000, yet Germany, though her national wealth is 3,000 times this sum, cannot find it anywhere about her. As the German government bank alone has in gold vastly more than the amount falling due, the ex-Chancellor, of course, cannot intend his statement to be taken literally or seriously. What he means to say is that Germany won't pay—will fight first.

Instead of paltering with side-issue insincerities why does not some authoritative German voice openly declare for a reparation settlement such as would genuinely satisfy Germany? What it would include can be most easily surmised. In brief, it would place on France the business of liquidating Germany's expenditures and all war losses. Many German bonds were floated and their owners cannot become calm and labor quiet until assured of payment. Why not demand that France assume the burden?

Except for an accident at the Marne France would have been compelled to pay to the last centime or else suffer Paris to be perpetually occupied. Why not act as if there had been no accident at the Marne and proceed according to the original Berlin plan? Because Von Kluck stubbed his toe is righteousness to be mocked?

The German argument now is that France should alone meet the cost of mopping up the damage done in France by German armies. That is to say, the invasion was justified, and hence France has no right to claim compensation. From this conclusion it is but a short step to the further one that France should pay what Germany spent on the invasion. A sheriff who is forced to beat down a door to serve a warrant pays no damage bill; on the contrary, he collects his fee and his mileage.

Germany has been too moderate. She should add to her threats and solemnly declare that unless she is paid for her war expenditures she will immediately bite herself to death by going royalist or Bolshevik.

It Won't Work

Mayor Hylan's general order to all city employees to report any condition menacing the safety of the citizens sounds like good business. But it isn't good business.

For example, if some member of the Police Department reported that the Health Department was derelict in its duty by lack of proper quarantine restrictions in an epidemic there would be a protest from the Health Department, and probably a row.

If a fireman reported the well known fact that footpads and burglars are menacing the safety of the city, and the report ever got into print, Mr. Hylan himself would come swiftly to the defense of his Police Commissioner.

No city government as extensive as that of New York can succeed or become efficient without system.

Each department has a special purpose and a special responsibility. If its members attend to their own special duties they will have their hands full. If they begin looking about to catch members of other departments neglecting their work they will become a crowd of meddling busybodies.

As well might the general manager of a railroad order the section men to report to him every case of a loose brake shoe that came under their observation.

As well might he order the locomotive firemen to keep an eye on the conductors and see that they never allow any passengers to stand on the platform.

The order is characteristic of Mr. Hylan, and he doubtless believes that it will result in a saving of life

and health. Mr. Hylan knows nothing of system, and seems incapable of understanding its value.

Chairman Adams Blunders

Chairman Adams of the Republican National Committee sees fit to echo the charge made by the tariff bill's managers in the Senate that it is being held up by a Democratic filibuster. This charge has little merit. Delay has not been due to a filibuster. The Fordney bill came over from the House a year ago. It was so crude as to need to be completely rewritten. The process consumed many months. The revised draft has not been acted on mainly because that draft is still subject to legitimate debate and alterations and because the pressure from the country is for further consideration rather than for swallowing the bill without examination.

Mr. Adams says that it is necessary to pass a permanent revision at once in order to carry out the pledges of the last Republican national platform. To show the error of this it is enough to quote the tariff plank of that platform. The mandate given for tariff revision was broadly discretionary and highly conditional. The plank reads:

"The uncertain and unsettled condition of international balances; the abnormal economic and trade situation of the world, and the impossibility of forecasting accurately even the near future, preclude the formulation of a definite program to meet conditions a year hence. But the Republican party reaffirms its belief in the protective principle and pledges itself to a revision in the tariff as soon as conditions shall make it necessary for the preservation of the home market for American labor, agriculture and industry."

Exchange is more unsettled to-day than it was when this plank was adopted at Chicago. The economic and trade situation of the world is as abnormal as it was then. The fight in Congress still unfinished—over the question of American or foreign valuation shows how extremely difficult it is to write a permanent tariff in the face of economic fluidity and chaos abroad.

Are conditions ripe for the fulfillment of the elastic promise of the Republican platform? It is open to any Republican to say that they are not. A Republican may go further and say that in effect the mandate, so far as there is one, is against enacting a permanent tariff bill until international trade is normal, which notoriously it is not at present. The attempt of Chairman Adams to use the platform to shut off debate is not warranted by the language of the platform itself.

Humane Care of Addicts

The Police Department has at last ordered a strict separation of criminal narcotic drug offenders from mere sufferers from the drug habit. There are, of course, many criminal offenders engaged in smuggling and selling narcotics, and also degenerate users of drugs who are fit subjects for punitive police action.

But there are also many addicts who are as innocent of evil intent as are sufferers from cancer or tuberculosis. Why such should be subjected to police control has never been explained. Those of them who are unable to employ competent physicians to treat them should have hospital or dispensary care. But the non-indigent are entitled to be cared for by their own personal or family doctors, just as are sufferers from other ailments.

It discriminates against a most pitiable class of sufferers to insist that they alone of all sick people must be turned over to the police as if criminals. The order just announced should be promptly followed by another which will permit innocent addiction patients freely to seek health at the hands of physicians instead of at the hands of the police.

The American Way

The agreement reached at Washington to arbitrate the Tacna-Arica dispute is another step toward American solidarity. Two of the leading South American powers invited the United States to help them end a controversy which has kept them at daggers' points for the last forty years. They were unable to agree because of ancient grudges, and had so snarled themselves up that diplomatic relations had to be broken off. Yet confidence on the part of both in the friendly impartiality of the United States has flowered into a submission of their quarrel to our adjudication.

Our interest in the matter is merely to do justice and to promote amity. There is a treaty to be interpreted. Questions of equity growing out of the long non-fulfillment of that treaty also are to be considered. There is little doubt that a reasonable adjustment can be made and that both Chile and Peru will profit by it. It will benefit them more, certainly, than the continuation of a dispute which has poisoned neighborly feeling and held up the tranquil development of both countries.

America is fortunate, compared with Europe, in that national animosities here are limited and that the habit has been formed of seeking outside counsel in cases of friction. The Pan-American idea has

flourished because there is a real community of sentiment behind it. Sympathy growing out of a common fight for freedom from European domination has survived the years, and the absence of aggressive impulses has allowed the American republics to think of one another as rivals only within a family circle.

What will help to bring Chile and Peru closer together will help all the other states, because it promotes the cause of American union. Our hemisphere has been, in the main, a hemisphere of peace and good will. It is the policy of the two Americas to keep it so.

Years Are Not Enough

It is the interesting theory of George Bernard Shaw that the longer a man lives the more intelligent he will become.

In "Back to Methuselah" he makes it appear that the fullness of years means the fullness of wisdom—that until man can attain at least two centuries of life he is still a child.

The nearest the world has recently approached to an opportunity to check up Mr. Shaw is in the study of the life of "Uncle Johnny" Shell, a Kentuckian, who just passed away at the estimated age of 134. Owing to cloudy records there may be uncertainty as to his exact number of years, but the fact that he left more than 200 descendants may be taken to indicate that he far surpassed the ordinary span of life.

"Uncle Johnny" at the age of more than a hundred knew how to shoot coons and how to cook his meals over a cabin fire, and that was about all.

While he was on the earth slavery flourished and passed away, the steam engine and the automobile and the airplane relieved the horse of many of his burdens, people learned to talk to one another around the world, first with wires and afterward without them, and a machine was built that could reproduce the human voice.

Andrew Carnegie scattered libraries over the land and John D. Rockefeller and other rich men endowed colleges in the remotest corners of it. Motion pictures brought geography as well as drama to the backwoods, and the mountain Kentuckian beside his still was able to read of the international tennis match on the day it was played.

All these matters left "Uncle Johnny" cold. The "prep" school boy of seventeen knows more than he did, and could make a better living had he been sent into the Kentucky mountains.

Perhaps in time the years will really bring wisdom, but they certainly brought very little of it to the oldest man of modern times.

Just as the wellnigh intolerable tension caused by the international tennis match is relieved we are plunged into still more terrible suspense by the golf open championship tournament.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Parisian Justice

In Paris, when automobiles (which are thick as they are everywhere)

Lay pedestrians out by the heels, The chauffeurs drive off with a sneer.

No fear do they have of the cop's stern hand, They know they will not be molested,

For, under the curious law of the land, The victim's the man that's arrested.

And lately a person who took From a table where long it had lain

A tattered old poetry book Was held to be wholly insane.

In a bleak, padded cell the poor fellow was left To the warden's apocryphal mercies,

Of all of his friends and his money bereft, For stealing a volume of verses.

We are not purveying a brief For a person who dabbles in crime;

If the fellow was proving a thief, He ought to be doing his time.

It's the judgment that struck us uncommonly queer And leaves us so mentally hazy,

Why didn't they send him to jail For a year?

Instead of adjudging him crazy?

And even if crazy he was, And his mania led him to steal,

The thing was outrageous because He couldn't have got a square deal.

Why hold that a man has a rift in his dome, And direct a deaf ear to his plea?

For taking a two-penny poetry book When the fellow who wrote it goes free?

Too Much Competition

Congress adjourned over the Fourth, which was just as well, for nobody could have heard them for the firecrackers.

Wrong Season

It is wise for blacksmiths to strike while the iron is hot, but this advice doesn't apply to coal miners and the weather.

No Drama in It

We don't believe that Will H. Hays would give much for the movie rights to the ex-Kaiser's book.

The Tower

IMPOTENCE

WHO is this who comes with haughty brow, And chains the very air to do his bidding?

Is he then mightier than the deathless gods; More powerful than I, who rule Olympus,

That he should make my thunderbolts his slaves, And lash my lightnings to his wagon wheels?

Know, then, that I am Jove who slew the Titan, For that my fire he stole and gave to man.

Him chained I to the trackless mountain top, And tortured through the crawling centuries.

Shall I show greater mercy to this mortal? Speed, then, swift messengers of death! Yet, look!

He grasps them in his hand; he grips and binds them! He catches them and hurls them in the air;

He threads my thunderbolts upon a wire And makes the furthest earth to hear his voice!

He catches them and hurls them in the sea! Like silver snakes they leave his finger tips.

And bear his mandates through the circling ocean! Hark, how the sea god shakes his angry trident,

Lashing the waves to fury! Can it be The seas no longer hear him? Who is Man?

Lo, he has fashioned for himself swift wings, And downward looks upon the eagle's brood

And plays among the stars! The air is filled With voices! Yes, he fills the air with song

To bring them cheer who dwell in lonely places. There is no space nor distance any more;

He holds within the hollow of his hand The Infinite! Eternity is his! Is he, then, mightier than the deathless gods?

More powerful than I, who rule Olympus? Ah! I have fear, fear!

VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS.

Mrs. Mallory says she is not satisfied with the result of her match with Mlle. Lenglen. This makes it practically unanimous as far as this side of the Atlantic is concerned, but we don't see what any one is going to do about it.

Some there may be who will find fault with the alibi so readily advanced by the former Miss Bjurstedt. But as a member of a nation setting so much store to the "don't know when you are licked" spirit, we congratulate Molla on her rapid Americanization.

The Erie has been forced by the coal shortage, it says, to lay off twenty-one trains. If all of the road's patrons would keep their car windows open the amount of fuel retrieved ought to be enough to bring at least nineteen of them back into service.

INTERESTING INSECTS

The cockroach has a cleanly mind. He loves to splash and scrub; Each morning when I rise I find him sitting in the tub.

Too earnest a study of dead languages may have brought about the present lamentable condition of Paul Simonetti, who, our favorite morning paper announces, "was placed under X-ray yesterday in order to locate the seat of infection in a deceased jabbone."

TO MARY

Perhaps it is the subtle tilt your nose Assumes that makes you dangerously "cute"—

Or just the way your candid lips can close, Inciting, while you stay demurely mute,

Another time, I think your charm is bound Within your crisp gold hair. You are a meek

Transplanted angel; heaven lies around You. When you smile, I'm dizzy for a week.

Experience grows tintured with despair; I cannot verify your charm and grace;

All art is futile when the subject's fair As you, with winsomeness upon its face.

But these are idle vagaries, it's true. I like the way you let me fawn on you, MERC.

The Pope has discharged his cook for charging him twice for one chicken. "My mistake, Your Holiness," remarked the functionary, looking about to see that the exit from the Vatican was unobstructed. "Merely a papal bull."

"X Marks My Room"

He determined to be a bachelor. He thought all girls were rattle-brained. To marry him a girl had to be clever. One evening at a dinner he sat alongside of a member of the fair sex. She impressed him. He decided that at last he had found the clever girl.

They met occasionally. Then came the summer. She went away to some resort. One day he received a picture postcard from her. All she wrote was: "Having a fine time. Wish you were here."

He still deducts only \$1,000 exemption on his income tax return. BILL NETCH.

The French movement to occupy the Ruhr basin seems to get very little mileage out of an awful lot of gas.

THE EARLY BIRDS

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On Signalizing Wedding Anniversaries

By Fairfax Downey

It requires no great feat of memory, even if you are poor at dates, to recall the year and even the day when King John set his name to Magna Charta, when Columbus discovered America and when George Washington was born. And yet how many can state offhand just when these gentlemen were married? Very few.

In spite of that, virtually every married man, of whatever degree or importance, is expected to remember his own wedding anniversary. Naturally wives, whose pretty heads aren't bothered by many dates anyway, can readily recall that day, for around them centered all its pomp and circumstance. But the demand for husbands to remember wedding anniversaries invariably is exceeded by the supply of those who can.

"Have you," inquires the average wife of the average husband, "the slightest idea what day to-morrow is?"

It's Thursday, the average husband thinks.

"Yes, but what day of the month?" the average wife persists.

The average husband isn't quite sure.

"It is," the average wife declares, pauses and repeats impressively. "It is the fifteenth!"

"Well, well," rejoins the average husband, "the month's half over!" And a most palpable chill ensues.

The average husband might have observed, and gone unscathed, that the twenty-fifth of December was getting on toward the last of the year. Regarding the first of January, he might have quoted blithely and without penalty: "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" He might still have escaped, if apropos of an old-fashioned Fourth of July he had voiced the conclusion that it was rather noisy to-day for some reason or other.

But if the fifteenth happens to be his wedding anniversary and he has failed to know it for what it is, his doom is as certain as it is appalling.

A husband's perspicacity having suffered such a complete collapse, it may remain in a state of coma all that night and be very low in the morning. But later in the day, it may rally under cold packs of conjugal frigidity, and by afternoon sit up, take nourishment and recognize familiar objects.

By that time it is probably too late to do the conventional thing by the anniversary, which is to come bearing gifts. Probably the corner drug store is the only emporium available, and the rarest of the druggist's perfumes, the freshest of his candies and the choicest of his toilet articles would savor only of the rankest kind of opportunism. Not canned heat, a thermometer in a silver case, a fountain pen or even a brick of Neapolitan ice cream will mollify a woman who considers herself scorned.

I knew a man who found himself in these straits late one afternoon. He was on his way home to fight the battle of the wedding anniversary absolutely without ammunition, when he met the mail carrier on his route, who handed him a package. The man was inclined to think that he had been accosted not by a humanized postman but by divine Providence.

The package contained a picture which purported to represent my friend in babyhood. Although neither nature nor photography had been up to the mark when he sat, he regarded the picture as an anniversary present ready to his hand. For he labored under that delusion, popular with husbands of newer vintage, that their portrait at a tender age is coveted above all else by their wives.

These husbands believe that the photo-

of their immature features will arouse in their wives the same glad emotions that thrilled Bassanio when he chose the leaden casket containing "fair Portia's counterfeit" and married money.

The husband arrived at his home with a warm greeting and the package. His wife was overjoyed at the receipt of the latter. And the Angel whose duty it is to forecast domestic weather posted a bulletin reading: "Thaw. Fair and warmer."

With visions of family jewels, raw old lace and the like, the wife reached for the package, tore off the wrappings and saw—what she saw. The Angel, whose duty it is to forecast domestic weather put up a new bulletin.

The moral is, of course, that if husbands must forget dates—and it appears that they are so constituted that they must—let them make it the third installment of the income tax or something else where the penalty is comparatively light.

What Readers Say

Sims on Navy Grog

Explains That Naval Officers Have Always Favored Temperance

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In "The Literary Digest" of July 1, 1922, there appears on page 15 the following quotation from an Eastern paper concerning the sale of liquor on Shipping Board vessels:

"The boozing Shipping Board needs to be kicked out, to follow the generals who used to insist that we couldn't have an army without provision for soaking the soldiers in beer, and the admirals who used to howl that the navy would go all to smash without lots of grog."

Without implying any criticism of the Shipping Board, I beg to invite attention to the fact that these remarks very sadly misrepresent the attitude of our military services in respect to the use of distilled liquors. The fact is that the officers in question were the original prohibitionists.

At no time during my service of over forty-five years has "hard liquor" been allowed on any of our vessels. Officers were permitted to have light wines and beer, at their own expense, of course, under the supervision of the commanding officer; and while there was too much drinking until about twenty years ago, yet since that time it has been sternly frowned upon. The grog ration was abolished about 1850, and the constant effort of our military officers and those of all other countries has always been to save our men from the demoralizing effects of alcoholic beverages not only in their own interest, but because temperance is essential to military efficiency.

Moral suasion accomplished a good deal, and there was little difficulty in preventing the smuggling of "rum" into our ships and army posts, but as the country was then very "wet" we could not enforce prohibition beyond the limits under our control. The discouraging consequence was that immediately outside the gates of army reservations and navy yards and on the docks of sea ports there flourished nests of dives much too vile to admit of adequate description. But the worst of it was that the evil influence of these dens of iniquity was greatly aggravated by the fact that much of the "home brew" whisky they sold our men was dangerous to a degree. I have known a few drinks to turn a self-respecting sailor lad temporarily into a raving maniac, and sometimes the poisonous stuff caused death.

Nor was this all. These dreadful dives were often combined saloons, gambling halls and houses of prostitution, and those who understood the harm they did naturally wanted them driven away by the only means that seemed practicable while the country remained "wet"—that is, by establishing canteens within our government reservations for the supply of beer and soft drinks under our own control and

to consumption and at such prices as to render the dives unprofitable.

Our naval officers as a class have always been for temperance, especially since about 1900, when Theodore Roosevelt inspired in the navy a very effective desire for efficiency. This practically abolished the consumption of alcohol in the navy, and at any time since then a vote of the officers of the service would, I am sure, be practically unanimous against allowing any liquor in our ships or stations.

Very sincerely yours, WILLIAM S. SIMS, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

A New Anthem Wanted

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It was with a deep sense of gratitude and appreciation that I read in The Tribune of July 4 your editorial headed "Key's Bad Ballad."

May the day be hastened when more of our leading newspapers will awake to the fact that the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner" are "unworthy of a great people, in that they teach hate," and that "the youth of America should not be inflamed against any people."

Then, being awake, may they have the courage to voice their convictions and help the people to be brave enough to refuse to accept as a national anthem any song that does not express our highest and noblest sentiments.

In the name of all those who love right and courage I thank you for your editorial. AN AMERICAN. Pittsburgh, Pa., July 8, 1922.

Thanks to Briggs

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: At the executive meeting of the board of managers of the State Council of the Junior O. U. A. M. Inc. held on Saturday, I was instructed to compliment your paper and Mr. Briggs on the cartoon in relation to our flag.

We believe if more of this were done in the newspapers the flag would receive more reverence and would give the aliens the impression of what it means.

Our organization has been in existence a great many years and we have presented many flags to the public schools.

Again complimenting you and appreciating the interest your paper takes in Americanism, I am FRANKLIN S. FAYE, State Council Secretary. Brooklyn, July 8, 1922.

Identification Needed

(From The Kansas City Times)

New York is going to have a "welcome stranger" committee to help boost travel to that metropolis. It sounds